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INFERENTIAL.

*He:* DEAREST, THIS IS OUR ENGAGEMENT RING. IT HAS "*Mizpah*" IN IT—THAT IS, "*God be with you till we meet again.*"

*She:* I SUPPOSE THAT'S A DELICATE WAY OF SAYING THAT WHENEVER YOU'RE AROUND YOU WANT TO HAVE ME ALL TO YOURSELF. OH, YOU JEALOUS CREATURE!

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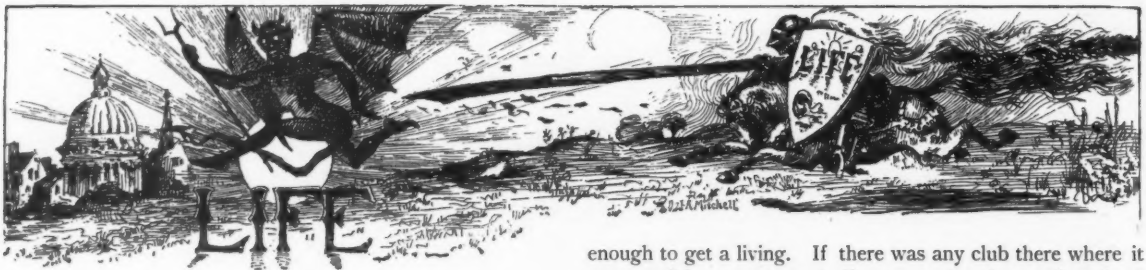
*Zealous Young Clergyman (to lady whom he has known but five minutes, and whose name he did not catch):* WHERE DO YOU ATTEND DIVINE SERVICE, MADAM?

*She:* I GENERALLY GO FROM PLACE TO PLACE WITH MY HUSBAND. WE ARE SELDOM AT THE SAME CHURCH TWO SUNDAYS IN SUCCESSION.

*Z. Y. Clergyman:* AH, MY DEAR LADY, LET ME URGE UPON YOU THE NECESSITY OF HAVING SOME SETTLED PLACE OF WORSHIP. BELIEVE ME, THERE IS NOTHING SO INDISPENSABLE TO YOUR SOUL'S HEALTH.

*She (with dignity):* ARE YOU AWARE, SIR, THAT YOU ARE ADDRESSING THE WIFE OF YOUR BISHOP?





"While there's Life there's Hope."

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IT was a rude shock to the community that Gen. Benjamin Butler in the maturity of his years should have been put out of a Boston court-room at the instance of a judge from Rhode Island. When there has been a dispute in court between two men, and one of them has been Ben Butler, the community has got used to seeing the other man get hurt. It resents innovation upon its habits in this respect with something very much like irritation.

Judge Carpenter will have to explain why he turned Uncle Ben out. Uncle Benjamin will want to know, and so will a great many others who have no particular fondness for Ben, but still want to see him treated with adequate decorum. For the truth is that now that Barnum is dead Uncle Butler is one of the most interesting relics of old times that we have left. His face is about as familiar to the people as Mr. Barnum's own. He is not only a relic, but a war relic, and there are mighty few like him left in the collection. Judges and others will please not hustle General Butler with too much emphasis. He may not be pretty but he is the people's own wax-work, and so long as he continues in the collection the owners will want to have him discreetly used.

THE report that there is a movement afoot in Boston for the establishment of a University Club for college graduates only, is coupled with the intelligence that Harvard graduates are not taken with the idea. That, if true, is very sensible of the Harvard men. New York is such a big town now, and individuals are so apt to get lost in its crowd, that they are justified in cultivating associations that enable them to form in particular groups, and preserve something of their identity. Boston hasn't come to that yet, and probably never will. What college-bred men there want is not so much a place where they can associate with one another, as a chance to associate with some one else. At best, in Boston, it is hard to get enough out of college and into the world

enough to get a living. If there was any club there where it was possible to meet much, if anyone else, than college-bred men, that would be the club for the college graduates to join. Boston! The whole town is littered up with education. Instead of starting a club there for bachelors of arts it would be more sensible if the clubs of that sort already in successful operation in other cities should so amend their rules as to open their doors to "graduates of colleges, and expedient persons who have resided not less than four years in Boston."

MR. CHARLES HENRY, of Paris, inventor of the olfactometer, reports as the verdict of his machine, that "the more agreeable the scent the more of it is required to produce an effect." The same conclusion had been already reached by philosophers who noticed long ago that if a smell is only bad enough a little of it goes a very long way. It has been observed for example, that if a thoroughly bad stench breaks loose in London we catch it in New York within a week without any very perceptible diminution of its fragrance. Noses, for instance, are being held on both sides of the water over the recent breach of promise suit of Gladys Evelyn, which, in spite of its failure in a pecuniary sense, seems to have availed to bring low one of the most experienced and durable reputations on either side of the Atlantic. The Briton of fashionable life whom Tolstoi has been calling "manure," is not an over-squeamish person, and offenses against morals that he doesn't feel able to condone when once they have been proven, are apt to be pretty serious offences.

AN unfortunate man fell into a New York sewer some ten days ago, and was drowned and carried off. Since then we have all had an inkling of what his fate must have been; for the night after he met it came the recent Ripper stories in the New York papers. It has been as though the sewers had overflowed the town. Thanks to the accomplished gentlemen of the press, those who make pictures as well as those who make "copy," there is very little now about slum-life in New York that is not generally known. Certainly the newspaper pictures add new horrors to crime.

IF Ignatius will make a convert of Anna Dickinson and take her back to Llanthony, much will be forgiven him. Miss Dickinson would make a superior nun, if she were once interested in the enterprise, and now that Ignatius's other nuns have gone to Rome, there must be plenty of room in his institution.



THE imposing progress of our little President goes on with much beating of tom-toms and blowing of hewgags. A portion of the racket is supplied by innocent-minded people who revere the office regardless of the man, but the larger portion come from that class of people who would bow down and worship the devil if only he had public offices in his gift. And who is paying the bills?

RED tape has its advantages after all. In the case of Italy, it has given hot blood a chance to cool down, and has rendered harmless the display of Jingoism by Messrs. Blaine and Rudini.

WE could spare a dozen or so of the recently elected senators sooner than Mr. Edmunds. He was a strong partisan, but he was honest, and had something that is becoming rare in the Senate chamber—i. e., brains.



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A BEGINNING.

GREAT MORAL SHOW



Frankwood



*Doctor Freshcot:* ALLOW ME, PROFESSOR, TO PRESENT TO YOU MY WIFE.

*The Professor (regarding Mrs. F. with some curiosity):* SO THIS IS YOUR NEW WIFE, EH?—ER—AS YOU KNOW, I HAVE NEVER INTERESTED MYSELF IN THE STUDY OF—THE SEX—AND MY OPINION ON SUCH A MATTER IS THEREFORE NOT VALUABLE—HOWEVER, I AM INCLINED TO THE OPINION YOU HAVE SECURED A VERY FAIR SPECIMEN.

#### THE ROYAL GRANDSONS.

WHEN the two sons of the Prince of Wales were visiting South America, at a ball in Rio, Prince George was having a right good time, dancing with any of the pretty girls who took his fancy, irrespective of their social position, and neglecting the local big-wigs. His elder brother remonstrated with him.

"You go and sit down and whistle God Save your grandmother and let me alone," said Prince George, and went on enjoying himself after his own fashion.

APPLICANT: I am a Trustee of the Metropolitan Museum.

ST. PETER: I'm very sorry, but you will have to go somewhere else.

"Why?"

"This place is not good enough for you."

"WE have no antiquities in America."

"You forget the jokes in LIFE's esteemed contemporaries."

#### A FIRST AND LAST EFFORT.

I LOVE my love so well  
My love I cannot tell,  
Though oft I've tried, in prose,  
And so I venture rhyme.

(That doesn't rhyme.)

I love her merry eyes  
The color of the skies,  
Her rippling laugh so sweet,  
Her golden hair, her dimpling cheeks,

And dancing feet.

(Too many feet.)

She's in my thoughts away,  
In night-dreams and in day,  
I would the hours flew fleet  
Toward the moment I shall meet her.

(That's wrong metre.)

It's hard for me to write—  
My muse has taken flight;  
My rhyme is getting worse,  
I think I'll try blank verse.

(No! — all verse.)

L. M. R.

#### A FAMILY DISGRACE.

MR. HOWELJAMES: Emerson, I fear that I have detected you in an untruth.

EMERSON HOWELJAMES (hanging his head): Yes, father.

MR. HOWELJAMES: What a disgrace, Emerson! To think that you, the son of a Boston novelist, should be caught telling a story!

"WHAT was the trouble with German opera, anyhow?"

"Talked to death."

"CAN YOUNG-MAN SPANKED-BY-HIS-GRANDMOTHER HAVE SOME FIRE WATER?"



THE INDIAN QUESTION.





GOOD-BYE, WINTER!

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

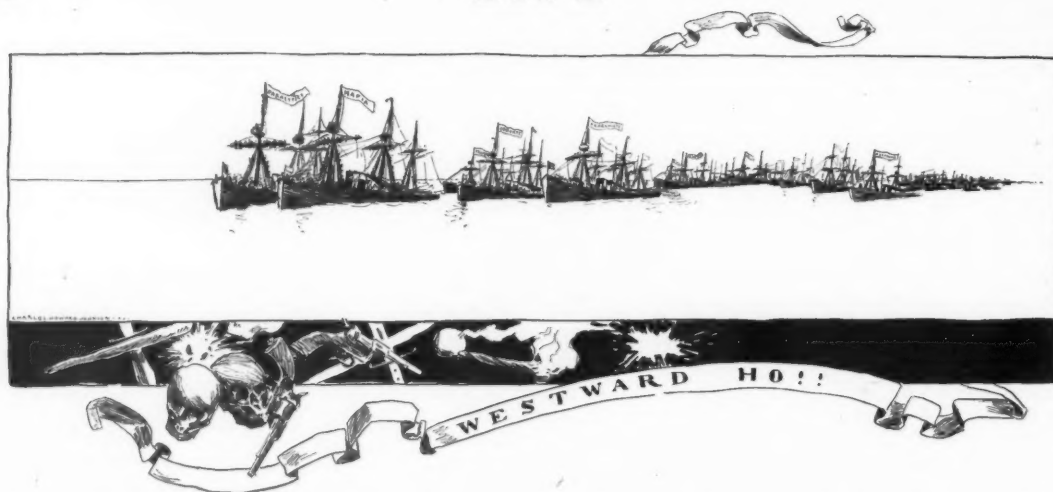
AN extract from a sermon recently preached in this city by the Rev. R. Heber Newton:

"There is a genuine reverence for the Lord's Day which we need to cultivate—that great day of humanity, sacred to rest from slaving toil, sacred to the improvement of the human spirit, sacred to man and to God. But there is, alas, a superstition of the Sabbath which exalts it into an idol and demands of men an unconscious homage to it. There is a superstition of the Sabbath which thinks of the day not as made for man, but of man as made for it. Here we are, to-day, in this nineteenth century of Christianity, trying to persuade certain good men who are the Trustees of our Metropolitan Museum of Art that it is not a desecration of the Lord's Day to open the doors of that museum to the hosts of our fellow-beings who are unable to visit it in the other six days of the week.

"They are good men and true who are thus barring the doors of the museum. They are honest and sincere. Let us not question it. They are seeking to promote the cause of religion, but in the name of religion they are driving men away from religion itself. They are making religion seem a cant, a sham, a fraud. They are making religion seem not the friend of man, but the foe of man; not a benefactor, but an oppressor, a tyrant. When the average workingman comes up to the doors of a museum of a Sunday morning and finds that the Church has closed those doors against him, is he not very apt to sneer and turn away and conclude that the whole thing is a gigantic fraud? Thus the faith that he needs to steady him under the burden of life—he who has the toil and the moil of the earth—is taken from him by the hand of that Church which is placed in the world to help him unto faith."



"THE EYES HAVE IT."



## BOOKISHNESS

### THE RISING OF A NEW STAR IN CHICAGO.

ONE more Chicago poet has appeared to add force to Mr. Eugene Field's protest against inviting Lord Tennyson to write the Ode for the World's Fair. We have received a copy of Chester Gore Miller's "Chihuahua," which of itself would have entitled him to a front seat in the recent convention of Western poets, who met at the instigation of the jealous Mr. Field, to protest against Tennyson. This remarkable social drama in four acts is "an attempt in blank verse and prose to illustrate the terrible power of Hypnotism in its relation to crime," and the psychology of it is evidently based on the most advanced experiments of the French school of investigators. The dedication of the poem strikes the keynote with considerable force:

To one of the dark agencies of life  
I inscribe this epitome of much.

There is also a prologue in the same wonderfully free blank verse which Mr. Miller has invented for the exigencies of a play in a new field, and in which he follows the illustrious example of Shakespeare, and gives advice to the players:

Now, leading man, please do not swagger  
When you characterize Mr. Sumner. Neither  
Weary your audience with long speeches  
And lengthy, tiresome discourse;  
For much herein is writ to cut.

From internal evidence we judge that the author had in mind for "leading man," Mr. Herbert Kelcey.

\* \* \*

IT is impossible in this brief space to summarize the plot of the drama, which originates in Chihuahua, but for the most part is developed in a Fifth avenue mansion in New

York. We can only give characteristic specimens to show the range of Mr. Miller's wit, pathos, and dramatic power. Here are a few of his delicate witticisms:

Some people complain of having a skeleton in their lives;  
I feel at times as though I owned a graveyard.

It's a wise child  
That can manage his stepfather.

Had I tears, and I probably have, I might  
Shed them, 'd I rub my eyes with an onion.

Mr. Miller's drama shows an acute knowledge of the motives which move the "great world," and some of his aphorisms might find a place in the appendix to Mr. McAllister's Handbook of Society. Here are a few of them, which we commend to that authority:

The American with a lineage  
Must have it backed with coin, or he stands  
Little chance with the foreigner, titled  
And insolvent. True, my ancestry is influential  
In its name, but here for once it ceased  
To work.

Show me the woman  
That admires not the soldier's plumes!  
Still if possible, never offend a speculator;  
Keep his friendship on the issue of a smile.

My child, I am too old; take one more verdant  
In financial fields than I, or try some one  
More gullible than a broker of the regular board.  
There's your answer, the door.

\* \* \*

IT is in the dramatic crises of the play, in moments of great emotion, that Mr. Miller shows his command over the blank verse used so successfully by Shakespeare in *Lear*. The sudden death of the host in a Fifth avenue drawing-room (where Mr. Miller shows himself very much at home) is announced as follows:



Ladies and gentlemen :  
You have witnessed a most tragic  
episode.  
An incident has transformed this  
mirthful evening  
To a night blasted by the most  
terrible guest  
That could visit an assemblage.

A long-lost father is dis-  
covered by his son with the  
following outbreak of filial  
emotion :

Father! Dad! O my father! is  
this reality?  
Here! You! after all these years.

And the same boy discov-  
ers his long-lost mother, with  
equally fine emotional force:

Mother! (*holds out hand.*)  
Perhaps Mama would sound more  
like home!  
Mama, dear, are you glad to see  
your boy?

This epoch-making drama  
closes with a death from  
heart-failure, and the hero-  
villain announces, as the cur-  
tain falls, that

Till future cause for change ar-  
rives  
My father's name shall remain  
Mr. Bowie.  
I shall continue the alias until  
my death.

*Droch.*

#### NEW BOOKS.

*JERRY.* By Sarah Barnwell El-  
liott. New York: Henry Holt  
and Company.

*Zadoc Pine and Other Stories.*  
By H. C. Bunner. New York:  
Charles Scribner's Sons.

*Juggernaut.* By George Cary  
Eggleston and Dolores Marbourg.  
New York: Fords, Howard, and  
Hulbert.

*He Fell Among Thieves.* By D.  
Christie Murray and Henry Her-  
man.

*Memoirs of the Prince de Tal-  
leyrand.* Edited by the Duc de  
Broglie. Volume II. New York  
and London: G. P. Putnam's  
Sons.

*Edward the Black Prince.* By  
Douglas B. W. Sladen. New York:  
The Cassell Publishing Company.

*The Spanish Armada.* By  
Douglas B. W. Sladen. New  
York: The Cassell Publishing  
Company.

*A Poetry of Exiles.* By Douglas  
B. W. Sladen. New York: The  
Cassell Publishing Company.

*Australian Lyrics.* By Douglas  
B. W. Sladen. New York: The  
Cassell Publishing Company.

*Valmond the Crank.* By "Nero."  
New York: Twentieth Century  
Publishing Company.



*Miss F. (whose parents refuse to recognize her fiancé):* IF YOU HAD A DAUGHTER, MR. HARDY,  
WHO RAN AWAY FROM HOME AND MARRIED A YOUNG MAN, WHAT WOULD YOU DO TO THE YOUNG  
MAN?

*Mr. Hardy:* WRITE HIM A LETTER OF CONDOLENCE.



E .



CULTURE THE UNWHOLESOME.





Mrs. McFaddon: WELL, WHAT NIXT? EF THAR AINT ONE O' 'EM MURRY HILL GALS WID HER 'OLE MAN'S COAT ON, SAME AS ME!



MISS VOKES'S TRIPLE BILL.

IN Mr. Clyde Fitch's "Beau Brummell" the actor seemed to rise superior to the play. Whether or no this was merely a matter of seeming has caused some discussion, with Mr. Mansfield strongly arguing that the actor, and not the dramatist, had made the play.

With respect of Mr. Clyde Fitch's "Frederic Lemaitre," as acted by Mr. Felix Morris and other members of Miss Vokes's company, there is no room for any such discussion. The little play is a charming conception, well developed. Mr. Fitch tries to brighten it with touches of humor which are not humorous, but outside of this the play is a thoroughly successful effort. Both action and dialogue are excellent. It



"WITH ALL APPLIANCES AND MEANS TO BOOT."

Henry IV. (Part II.) III., 1.

was written for and accepted by Mr. Felix Morris—a double mistake. If Frederic Lemaitre was the namby-pamby individual presented under that name by Mr. Morris, it is difficult to understand how he could ever have gained fame or earned a salary.

"Barbara," the second piece on Miss Vokes's bill, receives good treatment at the hands of the company. The title rôle is a little bit too emotional though for Miss Vokes's powers. As we all know she is essentially a comedian, and this test shows that her ideas of pathos are decidedly vague.

Of Mr. Willie Wilde's "Tinted Venus" it is almost enough to say that it belongs to the kind of farcical production that our British cousin finds excruciatingly funny. It purports to be laughable, but from the American point of view there are not enough laughs to the square inch to justify the assumption. The book from which the play was made is not so very funny and Mr. Wilde has in that particular not departed at all from the original. Mr. Courtenay Thorpe's *Masherton* is a clever little bit and is the best thing in the piece. Miss Vokes's dance is unworthy of her abilities and should be re-arranged.

As a whole this triple bill does not compare favorably with others that Miss Vokes has given us. *Metcalfe.*

#### VISIONS OF WEALTH.

TROTTER: Well, good-bye, old man. I'm off for a journey through Spain.

SQUILL (*a struggling poet, anxiously*): Say, my dear fellow, couldn't you do a kind turn for me over there and mortgage some of my castles for me?

PLEASURES OF WALKING IN THE COUNTRY IN SPRING.

**H**E: Why that distressed look, Rosalie? Tell me, quick, are you ill?

**SHE:** A b-bug has gone down my back and—and—we can't get home for half an hour.

ANTONY'S POLITE REPLY.

**"G**O, Antony—go yonder where your hosts await you," said Cleopatra.

"No, thanks," returned the Roman. "I'd rather stay with my hostess."

WAR DECLARED.

**E**DITOR OF BOSTON *TRANSCRIPT*: Bobbie, send the exchange editor here.

**EXCHANGE EDITOR:** Did you want me, sir?

**EDITOR:** Yes. Did the New York *Tribune* on Sunday say that Ibsen's "Hedda Gabler" is a vulgar book?

**EXCHANGE EDITOR:** Yes, sir.

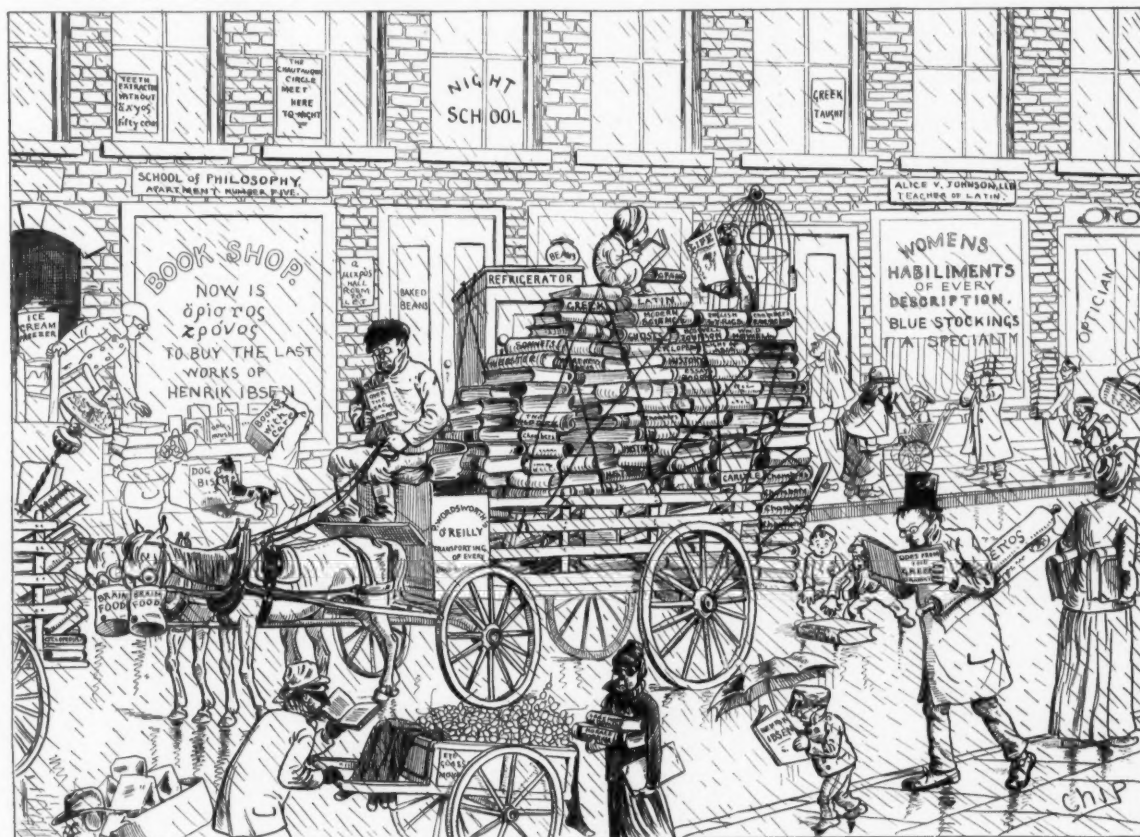
**EDITOR:** Take the *Tribune* off our list and tell Shelley Higgins to prepare a leader demanding Reid's recall.



"SHE HAS GIVEN UP SPIRITUALISM SINCE SHE MARRIED FARRAR."

"BECAUSE HE OBJECTED TO IT, I SUPPOSE?"

"YES; FOR WHENEVER SHE WENT TO TABLE-RAPPING FARRAR BEGAN TO GET MESSAGES FROM HIS FIRST WIFE."



STREET SCENE IN BOSTON ABOUT THE FIRST OF MAY.



ON Howard Street, the other day, a benevolent old gentleman beheld a little 6-year-old girl walking gravely along with a basket on her arm. Patting the chubby tot under her chin, he said:

"And where are you going, my pretty maid?"

"Give thee good-day, graybeard," replied the midget. "My father bade me to the shambles hie for a fat haunch."

"W-w-hat?" ejaculated the old party.

"Haply thou knowest him—the good man Skidmore?" inquired the tiny dame.

"No o-o," said the gentleman, much puzzled. "You're a quaint little thing. Come with me and I'll buy you some candy."

"Alack, I am forbid to tarry, gentle sir. I need be blythe. Their patience stays upon my coming."

"Good-bye, then," said the old gentleman.

"Rest you, merry master," and dipping a little courtesy the mite trotted off.

"Bless me, what an extraordinary child," said the gentleman to a bystander.

"Oh! that's nothing," replied the other. "You see, she's the daughter of the heavy tragedian at Morosco's Theatre, and I suppose they talk so much of that kind of lingo in the family that it comes natural to her. Don't hear anything else, you see."—*San Francisco Examiner.*

MRS. CHUGWATER, arrayed in her best gown, was sitting for her photograph.

"Your expression—pardon me—is a little too severe," said the photographer, looking at her over his camera. "Relax the features a trifle. A little more, please. Wait a moment."

He came back, made a slight change in the adjustment of the head rest, then stood off and inspected the result.

"Now, then. Ready. Beg pardon—the expression is still a little too stern. Relax the features a trifle. A little more, please. Direct your gaze at the card on this upright post and wink as often as you feel like it. All ready. One minute again—pardon me—the expression is still too severe. Relax the——"

"Samantha!" roared Mr. Chugwater, coming out from behind the screen and glaring at her savagely, "smile, darn you! smile!"—*Chicago Tribune.*

POET (to his practical friend): Is there anything more beautiful than to see those magnificent swans float upon the lake's silver surface? How I would love to be like them!

"What! Go around with one's stomach on that cold water all the day! Not for me, thank you."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

"I GATHER," said the Boston lady, "from the conversation of my nephew, that firemen are in the habit of using rubber hose at their labors."

"Yes."

"That, I presume, is so that they won't get their feet wet;" and the Boston lady returned to her book with an air of entire satisfaction over having solved a difficult problem."—*Washington Post.*

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